Eminem, Lucky You (Feat. Joyner Lucas)

I done did a lot of things in my day
I admitted it
I don’t take back what I say
if I said it then I meant it

on my life I want a Grammy
but I prolyl never get it
I ain’t never had no trophy
or no mothafucking ribbon

fuck the system
I’m that nigga
bend the law
cut the rules
I’m about to risk it all

oi ain;t got too much to lose
y’all been eating lang enough

it’s my turn to cut the food
pass the plate where my drank?
this my day, lucky day
fuck you too, woah!

y’all gotta move
y’all gotta move
y’all gotta move
give me some room
give me some room
give me the juice
hop out the couple
hop out the couple
how about I shoot?
y’all gotta move
y’all gotta move
give me the juice

back on my bullshit
my back to the wall
turn back ob you
all of you finished
back to these bullets
it’s back to the job
pull my MAC out and all of you running
back on my hood shit
it’s back to the pushing
these packs and I’m actually pumping
can’t fuck with you rappers
you practically sucking
you might went platinum
but that don’t mean mothin’
I’m actually buzzin’ this time
straight out the kitchen
I told them the oven is mine
I do not fuck witch you guys
if I don’t kill you just know tat you gonna suffer this time

I ain’t no gangster but I got some bangers
some chains and some blades anf a couple of knives
choppers and jammies, partridge, pa pear tree
my 12 days of Christmas was nothing but lies,
I run at you harsd like sumo
they say I talk like a chulo
I live in Mars, I’m not Bruno

Bitch, I’m a dog, call me Cujo
you play your cards, I reverse on you all
and I might just drop 4 like on Uno

callate boca major
mariconb, little puto
and all of you culo

they’ve invented a level off in the ghetto to ghetto
looking for something I prolyl can never find now
shit get relevamt until the beef die down
in truth a nigga just really want me tied down
I’ve been alone and I never need nobody
just only me and my shotty
I’ll tell these niggas to lie down

keep all of the money
I never wanted the lifestyle
I just pray to God that my son be alright now
I said ain’t no love for the other side
or anyone who ever want smoke
when I die I;m going out as the underdog
who never lost hope

you in the wrong cab down the wrong path
nigga Wrong way, wrong road
sneakes in the grass, tryna slither fast
I just bought a motherfucking lawn mower

I have said a lotta things in my day
I admit it, this is packback in a way
I regret it that I did it
I done won a couple Grammyys but I sold my soul to get them
wasn’t in it for the trophies
just the fucking recognition
fuck’s the difference?

I;m the cracker
bend the low
fukc the rules
man I used to risk it all
now I got too much to lose
I been eating long enough
man my stomach should be full
I just ate, lick the plate
my buffet, lucky me, fuck you think?

I got a couple of mansions
still I don’t have any manners
you got a couple of ghost writers
but to these kids it don’t actually matter
they’re asking me: what the fuck happened to hip=-hop
I said” I don’t have any answers”
cause u took an L when I dropped my last album
it hurt me like hell
but I’m back on thee rappers
and actually coming from humble beginnings
I’m somewhat of uncomfortable winning
I wish I could say what a wonderful feeling
we’re on the upswing like we’re punching the ceiling
but nothing is stealing
like anyone has any fucking ability
to even stick to a subject
it’s killin’ me
the inability to pin humility

hatata batata, why don’t we make a bunch of fucking
songs about nothin’ and mumble
and fuck it, I;m going for the jagular
shit is a circus, you clowns that are coming up
don’t give an ounce of a mother*
anout the ones whe were here before you to make raps, it’s recap
way back
MC’s the recap and tape decks
ASAT’s with the G raps and Kane;s hat
we need 3 stacks ASAP, and bring Ma-sta Ace back
since half of these rappers have brain damage
all rrhe lean rappin’
face tats
syruped out like tree sap
I don’t hate trap
and I don’t wanna seem mad
but intact
whit a old-me at the same cat that would take that
feedback and aim back,I need that
but I think it’s inevitable
yhey know a button to press or a lever to pull
they gibe me the snap tho
and if I payin’ attention I’d probably makin’ it bigger
but you’ve been taking the dicks on the fucking back hoe
on the brink in a minut
got me thinking of finisfing everything
weth aceromenophin then reapin the benefits
I’mma sleep at the ar the wheel again
as I peak into thinking about an evil intent
of another beat I’ma kill again’
cause even if I gotta ebd uo eating pill again
even katemine or methamohetamine with the Mini Thin
it beetr be at least 70 to 300 milligram
I might as well because imam end up being a villain again

levels to this shit
I got an elevator
you could never say to me I;m not a fuckin record breaker
I sound like a brekne record revery time I break a record
nobody could ever take away the legacy
I made a navigator
a motherfucker never got a right to be ths way
I got spite inside my DNA
but I work till the wheels fall off
I’m working tirelessly, aye

it’s a moment y’all been waiting for
like California wishin’ rain would pour
and that drought y’all have been prayin’ for
my downfall from the 8 Mile oto the Southpaw
still the same marshal that outlow
that they say is a writer might’ve fell off
but back on that bull like the cowboys

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